

PERSONAL STORIES.

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

In the great interest that is taken in President Roosevelt's daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, it must not be forgotten that there is another daughter of the White House living in Washington. Mrs. Letitia Tyler-Semple was not only a reigning belle in her day, but she has known the distinction of being the first lady of the land. She was the mistress of the White House from September, 1842, shortly after her mother's death, until the remarriage of her father, in the spring of 1844. A coincidence in the careers of John Tyler and Theodore Roosevelt is that both were nominated for the Vice Presidency in order to side-track them, both were elected to office by the death of their superiors, and both were cut off from communication when Providence promoted them to the Presidency. When the messenger bearing news of the death of President William Henry Harrison reached the Tyler plantation in Virginia, he found the new executive playing marbles with the boys in the front yard.

When it is remembered that Mrs. Semple was a little girl when Lafayette made his last visit to America, and a young lady before the Seminole Indians were finally pacified in Florida, it would seem that she almost belongs to another age. She saw the first telegraph wire in the United States stretched from Washington to Baltimore, and later was given a piece of the original Atlantic cable by Samuel F. B. Morse himself. She was present at the launching of the All-American, the first iron ship in the United States navy to be propelled by steam. In the days when she was the daughter of the White House, familiar personages in public life were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Sam Houston, George Bancroft, Washington Irving, Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, and Martin Van Buren. Zachary Taylor had not yet won his spurs in the Mexican war, and Abraham Lincoln's gaunt figure had not yet appeared on the national horizon.

Mrs. Semple has witnessed four wars in which the United States were partially or wholly involved—the Texas revolution, the Mexican war, the civil war, and the Spanish-American war. She has seen the acquisition of the territory now embracing Texas, California, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Arizona, Oregon, Washington, Alaska, and the more recent additions resulting from the war with Spain. Mrs. Semple has seen a line of fifteen Presidents take their seat in the White House since her day, and, although repeatedly invited by all of them to dine at the first mansion in the land, she has never accepted their hospitality. For some reason she has never been in the White House since the time when she was its mistress.

She leads a quiet life in the Louise Home for the Aged in Washington, where she loves to sit on the quiet balcony before her room and look down over the marble court with its palms and flowers. On the day I called upon her a messenger from the White House had just brought her a box of gorgeous roses from President Roosevelt. As I went away, this fine old lady—the other daughter of the White House—was holding her roses and listening to the music of a piano somewhere off in the palms. I wonder what her day dreams are like as she rocks in her easy chair and calls up the memories of that long, long ago?

John M. Dixon, of Montana, who will succeed William A. Clark in the United States Senate in March, tells how he once had an appointment with a ghost. The incident occurred when a "bad man" of Montana, with many notches on his gun, was hanged for murder at Missoula, the new Senator's home. The condemned man looked forward to his end with fortitude and told Mr. Dixon that he was certain there was an after life, and that the immortal part of man could go about freely after death. He made a solemn pledge that he would come and tap on Mr. Dixon's door in Washington at midnight on the day of the hanging. On the date of the execution Mr. Dixon sat up until midnight, but there was no knock. He was about to retire in disappointment, when he happened to remember that there was a difference of three hours between the time in Montana and Washington, and that probably the ghost was running on the Western schedule. He waited three hours more, but the knock never came. After this unfulfillment Mr. Dixon does not believe in ghosts, but he thinks he is the first man on earth to direct speculative inquiry as to what time is kept in the Great Beyond.

The first woman civil engineer in the United States is Miss Nora Stanton Blatch, granddaughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She was recently appointed a member of the staff of civil engineers having in charge the work on the new \$100,000,000 Catskill system that has been added to the New York water supply. Miss Blatch received her training at Cornell, where she was the only woman in the class. At first it is said the men students purposely chose long trails, hard climbs, and almost impassable barriers in the attempt to tire her out, but she donned short skirts and bloomers and managed to keep up with the best of them, thus winning their respect and admiration. Before her election to this staff Miss Blatch was offered a most flattering position in China, the offer coming through a high-class Chinese official sent here to organize a corps of engineers for work in the Flowery Kingdom. She was recently elected a member of the American Society of Engineers, and was the first woman to be so honored.

At the time of the great disaster in San Francisco, many people encountered experiences there which were almost as unusual and unexpected as the earthquake itself. Willie Collier's theatrical company was just ready to sail from that port to Australia, and as a result of being alive and evidently able-bodied, all the men in the company were rounded up by the enterprising soldiers and put to work. The tasks were labor of the hardest kind, and Mr. Collier was required to shuck his coat and work for three hours lifting heavy timbers and clearing away debris. John Barrymore, a brother of the actress, Ethel Barrymore, was put to trench digging for the prescribed three hours. By his side was the secretary of state for California, whose official dignity meant nothing to the burly representatives of Uncle Sam. All were prodded

into line with the bayonet when there was any sign of lagging or disinclination to work.

Mrs. Marie von Vorst, who has done much sincere and effective work in the effort to ameliorate the evils of child labor in the United States, has, like most writers who see things in a limited time, made some amusing mistakes. One of these is told by a Huntsville, Ala., cotton-trail man. "You see, we do not like to have women visitors, anyway," he confessed. "Nobody who works wants other people coming in to look at them in their old clothes and asking them personal questions. But she begged so hard that we finally decided to let her go through. Then we got to dickered among ourselves as to who would be guide. Finally, we decided that as a special compliment she should have our new bookkeeper, who was just from New England. He was a real Bostonian, and we thought he would impress her with his manners and fin clothes. Later, when we bought the magazine to read her article, we found it nearly all correct, except the allusion to her guide, the dignified youth only three weeks down from Boston. She said she was shown through the plant by a pleasant Southern boy, who spoke with the customary drawing, negro accent of the people of that section. You ought to have seen that Boston bookkeeper! He simply saved the atmosphere into segments, and even now the mere mention of his 'negro accent' causes him to kindle with righteous anger, and blaze right out with indignation."

Few people have a more thorough enjoyment of a joke than Elbert Hubbard, and especially when he can share a

in it. One day, while the clever "Fra Elbertus" was working in the fields with some of his pupils, indistinguishable from the rest of the workers, in his blue denim overalls, a man of importance came driving swiftly up to the fence, and sprang to the ground. "Hefe, John," he called, pompously, to the nearest blue denim form, "come and hold my horse." The blue denim boy came and obediently took the reins and waited. "Where is Mr. Hubbard's office?" snapped the important one. "Over there at the workshop; first turn to the left," was the polite reply. Off puffed the man of importance to the office. "Where is Mr. Hubbard?" he asked, with a little more show of politeness, on account of the supposed nearness of the distinguished object of his search. "Oh, you want to see Mr. Hubbard," answered the man, who had been questioned, his eye twinkling as he looked toward the fence where the blue denim figure was lazily leaning against a post, twirling the reins of the thoroughbred. "That's Mr. Hubbard holding your horse."

Blanch McManus Mansfield is an American woman of whom her country is justly proud. She was born in Mississippi, studied in New Orleans, painted, and studied in Chicago and New York, and then won a high place among the artists of the Old World. She is noted as a designer of book covers, and one of her best bits of work was that of illustrating and designing the cover for the prayer book which the present King of England carried at his coronation. For some time she has had her studio in London in the famous Adelphi. This is usually called "The Quarter," and her best work was done in the house where Garrick once lived. She has spent months on heraldic designs alone. A great work of hers that won much admiration was the decoration of the Illinois Building at the Chicago fair.

To-morrow — The all-absorbing "Servant Question."

W. P. Hutton Must Pay Alimony. Chief Justice Clegg yesterday issued an order directing William P. Hutton, who is employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, to pay his wife, Mary Hutton, \$40 per month alimony pending the divorce proceedings instituted by her.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

The absurd lengths to which women go in their search for beauty would make interesting reading to those who are given to deriding the sex if a history could be printed and scattered broadcast. Fat women want to be thin and thin women endeavor to gain flesh. There are women struggling to keep their complexions, to keep wrinkles at bay, and retain the color of their hair, and every one of us is waging an eternal warfare against decay with the aid of a dentist's valuable services. The latter struggle does not properly belong in the absurdity class, for sound teeth are necessary to health.

Beauty parlors do an enormous business even when they do not live up to their promises. I do not know why a woman should be charged more for a facial massage than her husband pays his barber for the same treatment, but I do know that facial massage, at \$1 a treatment, is in demand because it rests the nerves and is beneficial to the skin. The cure of the nails has become an important branch of grooming, and even women who are pretty clever at caring for the details of their own toilet call upon the services of professional manicures on special occasions. Then there is massage for the scalp, also waving and hair dressing, and some women spend whole afternoons in the hands of those who make beautifying a lucrative business.

Nobody finds much fault with these comparatively harmless aids to comeliness. Contempt and derision are saved for those who bear torture and take risks in surgical operations; those who buy everything advertised and have a supreme disregard for consequences, and those who are so imprudent as to omit necessary precautions against letting the world into their toilet secrets. We are a most imprudent lot, it seems, since we expose our sins and weaknesses to unfeeling eyes. Instead of secretly reveling in a bargain, we take our friends who our confidence and lose the effect high-priced articles would give. We air our domestic grievances and disclose our plans before we test them, all of which does us no good.

One of the sickest women I ever saw was the victim of a medicine warranted to remove superfluous flesh. The medicine was costly, and the doctor's bill of handsome proportions; she lost a few pounds in weight during her illness and gained more in convalescence, so there was no consolation for her. Thin women are in luck for requiring such simple, inexpensive remedies against emaciation. Plenty of sleep and nourishing food in small quantities and frequent doses will put layers of flesh over the bones of the ordinary woman. Nervous wear and tear caused by undue activity are the usual causes of emaciation and removing the cause remedies the effect, generally.

Good complexions are inheritances, sometimes, but they are not proof against injury. Bad skins need a deal of encouragement to be better, and giving it to be highly recommended. When a girl performs the trick that kept one of my sex in bed for three days, she is too silly to worry over. Her skin was fairly good, but lacked color, and there was to be a dancing party at which she desired to shine. She had heard that oil of cinnamon rubbed upon the cheeks would give a beautiful bloom, calculated to last many hours, so she bought the beautifier and retired to her dressing-room. What she did not know was that cold water was necessary to set the oil into activity, and that she discovered after she had accepted failure and washed her face. She got more color than she wanted, all over her face and ears and too near the eyes for comfort. The lesson did her good, however.

BETTY BRADEEN.

HANG ART EXHIBIT

Work of Famous American Painters Will Be Shown.

TO BE AT CORCORAN GALLERY

Best Known Artists in Country Invited to Participate—Expect That 400 Pictures, Including "The Four Doctors," Will Be on Show from February 6 to March 6.

Commencing February 6, and continuing for a month, the Corcoran Gallery of Art will give an exhibition of contemporaneous American art in the gallery on Seventh street. The exhibition will embrace nothing but oil paintings, and will in every way be the greatest and most magnificent exhibition ever given in this city. All of America's best known artists have been asked to compete for the three prizes, of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250 each.

Director F. B. McGuire has announced to the public that the gallery will be closed from January 23 to February 6, during which time necessary preparations for the exhibit will be made. Every picture at present in the gallery will be taken down and stowed away to make room for the paintings to be shown in competition. It is expected fully 400 pictures will be hung, including "The Four Doctors," by Sargent, which created much favorable criticism in London recently. Many other noted paintings by known artists will be on exhibit.

No change in the rules regarding visitors will be made, the free and pay days holding the same as always.

Clean Advertising.—The Washington Herald does not exploit fakirs. Merchants who patronize this newspaper will find themselves in good company. Its advertising columns are kept clean.

AMUSEMENTS.

TO-NIGHT, 8:15
NEW NATIONAL MATS. To-day & Sat.
GRACE GEORGE
In Wm. A. Brady's production of
"CLOTHES"
By Avery Hopwood and Channing Pollock.
NEXT WEEK—**ROBERT EDSON** IN "STRENGTH"
ELMENDORF
Magnificent Telephotographs, in Color, Motion Pictures.
5 MONDAY MATS. AT 4:30.
Ireland... Monday Mat., Feb. 4
England... Monday Mat., Feb. 11
Scotland... Monday Mat., Feb. 18
Norway... Monday Mat., Feb. 25
Midnight Sun, Mon. Mat., Mar. 4
SALE OF SEATS TO-DAY
For Entire Course Only—Prices \$4, \$3 and \$2.50. This Sale Closes Jan. 25, 6:00 P. M.

COLUMBIA Washington's Leading Theater
TO-NIGHT AT 8:15 MATS. THURS. AND SAT.
SPECIAL PRICE THURSDAY MATINEE.
The Sensation
10 Days—20 Nights.
10 Days—20 Nights.
And Washington's Famous Theater
CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS
OTIS SKINNER
In the International Success and Most Important
Modern Drama
THE DUEL

A Play That Interest Both Courtiers and Artists
and Odessa Zone.
BURTON HOLMES
TRAVELOGUES
NAPLES SUNDAY AT 8:30
TUESDAY AT 4:30, TYROLEAN ALPS

NEXT WEEK—
KLAU & ERLANGER Present
KYRLE BELLEW
IN
"A MARRIAGE OF REASON."
A Play, Patricia Play,
Whose Characters Washington Will Recognize.

BELASCO TO-NIGHT
50c to \$2.00
Mat. Wed. & Sat.
25c to \$1.50
Independent of the Theatrical Trust
Lew Fields and the All-star Co.
In the Musical
ABOUT TOWN
Absurdity.
And a Travesty of David Warfield's
THE MUSIC MASTER
With Blanche, George, George, George, George,
Edna Wallace Hopper, Harry Fisher, Louise
Dresser, Lawrence, Lawrence, Lawrence,
and Lew Fields.
And nearly Three-score Players in Both Productions.
NEXT WEEK—BLANCHER MATS IN "THE
GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

Popular with the People.
NEW LYCEUM
MATINEE DAILY ALL THIS WEEK.
THE TIGER LILIES

Presenting
2-FUNNY BURLESQUES—4
5-PRETTY GIRLS—5
6-FUNNY COMEDIANS.
Next Week—THE NIGHTINGALES.

ACADEMY MATINEE TUESDAY,
THURSDAY & SATURDAY.
ALL THIS WEEK
Secrets of the Police
In Four Acts and Fourteen Scenes.
Depicting Accurately the Famous and Notorious
Plots of Five Countries.
Next Week—THE EVILNESS.
NIGHTS, LATEST ADVENTURE OF A MATINEE
LOWER FLOOR, **MAJESTIC** MONDAY, WED., SAT.
50c MONDAY, SUNDAY NIGHT 25c

ALL THIS WEEK
FIRST TIME HERE AT POPULAR PRICES.
THE FAMOUS COMEDY DRAMA,
A Message From Mars

THE PLAY WITH A PURPOSE.
NEXT WEEK—UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.
Chase's POLITE VAUDEVILLE

Daily Matinee, 2c, Evening, 25c and 50c.
Vaudeville's Latest Sensation.
"THE FUTURITY WINNER," BETTER THAN
TEN-HUB.
With Kingsley Benedict, Staged by Ned Webber.
EMMA JANVIER, LATE THE SUPREME HIT OF
"THE SPRING CHICKEN."

In the Marches That Made Her Famous
JAMES M. MACDONALD, JOHN W. WORLD,
and **MINDRELL KINGSTON**, CARON and HERBERT.
Ethel McEldowney, George H. Lane and
Bro. "An Episode of High Finance" Motion Pictures.
Next Week—Louis Simon, Grace Gardner and Co.,
The Great Brothers Bolter, Jack Norworth, &c.,
Buy Seats To-day.

MEET ME AT THE
POULTRY AND PIGEON SHOW,
Masonic Temple,
Ninth and F Sts. N.W.
January 22, 23, 24,
25, and 26, 1907.

Admission, 25c. Children, 15c.
Leading exhibitors from Canada to Georgia.
Incubators hatching each day of show. Also beautiful
display of Cage Birds and Parrots. Doors open
each day from 9 a. m. until 11 p. m. Come and see
the Feathered Beauties.

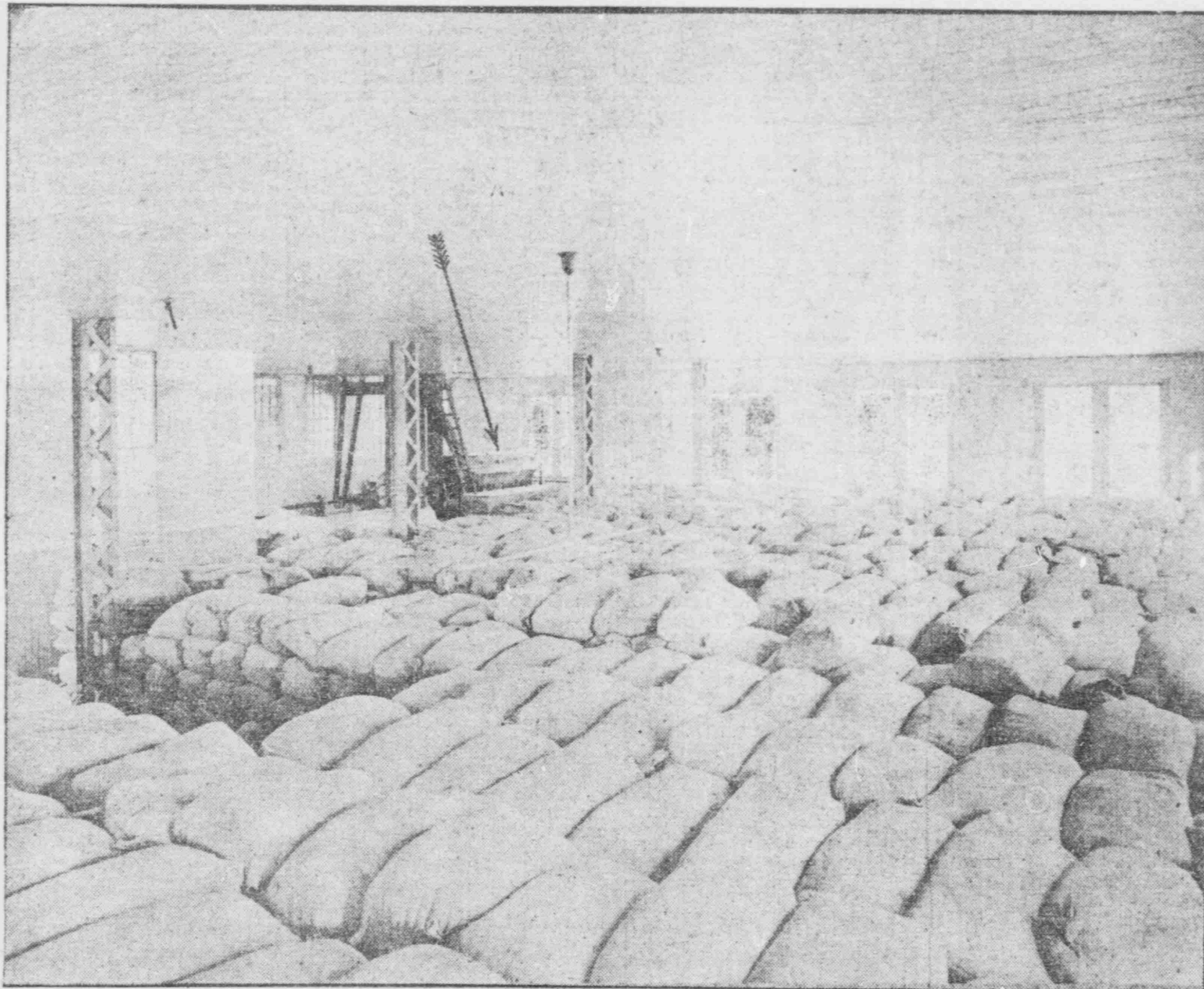
UNDER AUSPICES OF
THE BRITISH EMBASSY
A Travel Talk on
JAMAICA
Illustrated with Telephotographs in color, including
many views of KINGSTON and Vicinity.
Will be given by Mr. WOODWORTH CLUM,
At the Belasco Theatre, TUESDAY, JAN. 29TH, at
4:30 p. m. The entire proceeds will be
devoted to the relief of the
Kingston Earthquake Sufferers.
By courtesy of Messrs. Shubert and Belasco, the
use of the Belasco has been donated for the occasion.
Seats on sale at the box office on and after
January 24th.

ANNUAL CHARITY BALL
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL
WILL TAKE PLACE
TO-NIGHT
IN THE BALLROOM OF THE NEW WILLARD.

Tickets (including supper), \$3.00
May be obtained at the New Willard.
TAKE ME ON THE ROLLERS.
THE RINK
CONVENTION HALL.
ROLLER SKATING.
On Wednesday, Jan. 30, 1907, the Rink will be
closed for one night only, opening Thursday next
at 8 o'clock.

The Washington Herald has but
one name. It is The Washington
Herald every morning in the week,
Sunday included. Telephone, Main
3350.

AN INSPECTION OF OUR BAKERY IS INVITED.

Investigation Will Prove
Corby's Mother's Bread Best

PURE FOOD REQUIREMENTS.

From the Washington Post.
Corby's Modern Bakery, where so many loaves of Mother's Bread, besides rolls, &c., are baked daily, registers quite up to, if not beyond, the requirements of the law. In designating this Bakery as a modern Bakery no liberties with the meaning of the word were taken. It is modern in equipment, modern in conduct, and its products have long been recognized as the standard for such goods. For many years Messrs. Corby Bros. have insisted that every ingredient that goes into their Breads shall be tested and analyzed to determine its purity and nutritious qualities. This has contributed much to the purity and acceptability of this product.

Then again, the machinery used develops every nutrient quality in the ingredients used. One can thoroughly enjoy any of the bakery products emanating from the Corby Bakery—enjoying them not only from the sense of taste, but from the knowledge that they are absolutely pure and clean.

THE agitation regarding pure flour tends to further the fame of this Bakery. We have made a study of flours—blending them and keeping them—and the illustration, showing the storage room we devote to flour, speaks well for the care we take and for the perfection of the

product we offer you. The ventilation of this room is perfect. The ceiling is unusually high, and the light and air come from eighteen windows.

When demanded for use, the contents of the sacks are thoroughly sifted through a sieve of silk bolting cloth of 148 meshes to the square inch. The sieve used by housewives does not ordinarily contain more than 30 meshes to the square inch. (The arrow points to our sifting machine).

There are many breads that are pure within the meaning of the law. Their makers may use pure materials—but of what grade? We can claim and show that the materials we use are of the highest grade obtainable. In fact, we test them and prove their worth before they are used.

Insist on Getting Mother's Bread, and "Look for the Label."

Corby's Modern Bakery